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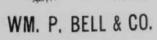
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GEORGE L. SEVILLE, Manager, Pocomoke City, Md.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 26.-For the countless material blessings peculiar to this progressive age, as well as for the many spiritual blessings of our day, the preacher in this sermon gives exhave sought out many inventions."

Calmage

Sermon

Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

A new star has arisen in the artistic firmament. Meteorlike a new star has flashed its light over the western hori-Judaea. What General Lew Wallace has done with the novelist's pen young Byam Shaw is doing with the painter's brush. The Indiana author and the young English artist, the latter born in Madras and educated in European studios, have both been bold, strong, powerful and independent interpreters spired artist both teach that the only rue comforter in times of earthly troucall "Jesus, the Prince of Peace." But, though Byam Shaw has painted

many pictures, there is one, based upon lustrating the theme of my text. The to open for us one of the rooms of the British museum. In the foreground of his picture he places a Loudoner, a British aristocrat, dressed in the height of fashion of the time of Disraell. Then he seems to surround this man, clothed in kid gloves, silk hat and immaculate linen, with the mighty British library of over 2,000,000 volumes, in which are recorded the scientific and social triumphs of past ages. As you gaze on that picture, in imagination you seem to hear the whistle of factory, the click of trowel, the signal of the railroad engine, and the hoarse colce of the great Cunarder's fog horn sending her warning call among the mists of Newfoundland, and the ringing of the telephone bell, and we seem to see the flash of the electric spark. Then, under this powerful picture with its up to date Bible application, the young English artist has written the words of my text, "So this only have I found that God bath made men upright, but they have sought out many inventions," Never did these Solomonwords burn themselves into my mind and heart more deeply than when I saw them in the brilliant colors of Byam Shaw's strange and yet powerful and

startling picture

Modern Inventions. But when studying that picture I asked myself these questions: "Do all try I saw a great machine going over modern inventions truly make men wretched and miserable, as King Solo mon implies? Did King Solomon himself mean that all modern inventions were bad? Of course the greater opportunities of life, which come through the revolving wheels of machinery and the concentration of capital, do naturally offer greater opportunities for wicked men to do evil, but are all great inventions agents of evil?" "No." I answered. "As greater opportunities of life offer greater evils for wicked men, so greater opportunities of ma-Thus on this Sabbath preceding our national Thanksgiving day I will catalogue some of the blessings which, in good sense, come to good men from e sewing machine, the railroad, the factory, the telephone, the typewriter, the printing press and from all the other inventions that have made the past century the most remarkable, in a

cientific sense, of all the ages. Most blessed of inventions, in the first place, those that deal with health, among which we class the sewerage pipes, by which a great city is kept pure and clean, and the great aqueducts through which it is supplied with life giving water to drink. What Vipsanius Agrippa tried to do when he tain D'Eure, twenty miles away, to the baths of Diana; what the Emperor Claudius did when he carried the water from the Alban hills down to the capital of the Caesars, which aqueduct still bears his name; what King Solomon did when he built his three famous pools, from which reservoirs he carried the water by subterranean passages to the city of Jerusalem; what Tarquinius Priscus did 600 years before Christ when he built the famous the most famous drainage canal in the world and which is still used to carry the refuse out of the city of Rome to the Tiber, the great engineers on an enlarged scale are doing for our own cities. These engineers may not have the title "M. D." affixed to their names, but they are the greatest of all prevent ers of disease. Truly they have done their work well.

Underground Works. If you do not realize how well they have succeeded, then study underground New York or Chicago or Philndelphia or St. Louis or Boston. Marvelous, staggering, wonderful and almost inconceivable are the sights you there can witness. Some years ago it was my privilege to see underground

ew York being excavated for the in Java, and our bananas brought from for summer and heavy garments for great subway railroad. I have seen the noted Chicago drainage canal, built at the expense of many millions of dollars. My favorite walk when a student upon the banks of the Hudson was over the noted Croton aqueduct, through which the water was brought from over thirty miles away to quench the thirst of the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the metropolis. But, after all, the excavations for the New York underground railroad impressed me more than all the engineering feats I ever saw. As I looked down into those big subways I always felt as though I were in an operating room and seeing the surgeon's knife cutting its way. Those excavations were to me a vast Inparotomic operation upon the great city of New York. ner worthy the name. There I could see hundreds of pipes

running in every direction. Water there exposed to view. Those different pipes seemed to resemble the blood vessels and the alimentary canal of the human frame. They seemed morethey seemed like the great long stems of lilies lifting their heads above the foul water of a pond. These stems go down, down, down, until they grapple their anchorages in the mud and draw sustenance from the earth below. And so I could see these pipes, the sewer pipes and the fresh water pipes, running through the soil and rock on of religious themes. Lew Wallace's ning through the soil and rock on "Ben-Hur," "The Prince of India" and which the city is built. They reached "The Boyhood of Christ" teach lessons out until at last, as scavengers, they similar to those of Byam Shaw's "The emptied their refuse into the depths of Comforter," "The Outcast" and "Nel- the sea, or they reached out until, like ther Hath He Power in the Day of the stems of the lilles, they gathered With the touch of true mas- up life giving strength from the farters the inspired novelist and the in- away Croton hills. On this Thanksglving day let us one and all thank God for scientific drainage and sewerage ble is that Saviour whom we lovingly and for pipes which bring to us pure water. Thank God for water with which we can cook, for pure water which we can drink and for pure wathe book of Ecclesiastes, which has ter in which we can bathe our bodies specially impressed me. It is one il- and cleanse our garments and our Water, water, pure wateryoung artist in his original way seems | thank God for the drinking water of

the Thanksgiving table! But, while thanking God for the reservoirs and the aqueducts and the pipe lines which bring to us pure water and the waste pipes which carry away the disease breeding refuse, shall we not thank him also for the marvelous maspeak of this machinery I am not only alluding to the respers and the plows and the seed scatterers which we saw exhibited at the St. Louis and Portland world's fairs, but I also allude to the wonderful freight cars and the huge Atlantic and Pacific steamers, with their refrigerators and cold storage plants, that bring to us the rarest and the choicest of fruits and vegetables and animal meats and ash and bird meats and mollusks, no matter where they may grow or breathe the breath

Some people marvel at the mechan ism which makes it possible for the farmer to sow and reap fields of wheat hundreds and thousands of acres wide where their ancesters had only a few acres to a farm, 'Tis true, we must gaze in awe at the wonderful possibil ities of the modern farm through the miracles of modern machinery. Last summer while riding through the counthe prairie where once the farmer went swinging his scythe. This marvelous machine was called "a com bined harvester." It was drawn by thirty-two horses, driven chariot-like, four abreast. That machine cut the wheat, thrashed the wheat, gathered the clean kernels into bags, sewed up the bags, threw them to one side and tossed the straw into heaps. All this happened while the farmer was out taking his pleasure ride behind his thirty-two horses. Marvelous, marvelous, wonderful, wonderful "combined harvester!" But the benefits which come to our table from "a combined harvester" are as nothing compared to those that come from the freight car

and from the steamer

Sources of Food. Have you ever stopped to consider how many various sources our food comes? I am nearing the coast of Sydney, Australia. I see alongside the railroad track great numbers of rabbits strung up. There are thousands and tens of thousands of them, I see the hillsides of New South Wales covered with sheep. I go to the wharfs, about dress. This talk about dress and there I find the great steamers being loaded with them. "What is the good of taking these thousands of sheep and rabbits to London?" I say to the captain. It will take you at least three built the famous aqueduct of Nimes, or four weeks to sail there. That meat which brought the water of the Foun- will then be maledorous and stenchful and sickening." "No, no," answers the captain. "That meat is being stored in refrigerators. By running liquid immonia through the pipes and letting it evaporate we can make our own ice on shipboard. That meat will be sold today." By the wonderful cold storage system of freight car and of steamship we can today eat the choicest fruits of the east and the west and have the tenderest of meats carried through the canal Cloaca Maxima, the oldest and Red sea and Suez canal. The New Yorker can banquet upon California fruits, and the inhabitants of San Francisco, watching the seals climbing over "Seal Rocks" in the Cliff House restaurant, may order his oysters brought from Maryland bay. Wonderful, won-derful food provider is machinery!

Machinery may bring to us our Thanksgiving dinner, with caviare shipped from Russia, and mollusks gathered from Atlantic seashore, and fish caught off Florida coast, and bread well than you? Are you not a little made from Dakota wheatfields, and more willing to go to Thanksgiving Ohlo turkey fattened on Michigan corn service when you are walking by her and stuffed with marvelous foreign side and you think she has a prettier dressings, and potatoes planted in Hlinois, and pumpkins fattened in New the church? Do you not feel mightly England, and mince ples concocted in humiliated when she does not keep her-New Jersey, and our coffee gathered self neat and up to date? No. I for

An Emergency Medicine.

Pains in the stomach and attacks of the colic come on so suddenly and are so extremely painful that immediate relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of sending for a doctor in such cases if a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. No doctor can prescribe a better medicine. For sale by

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For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. As it is an antiseptic all danger from blood poisoning is avoided. Sold by

sent from Italy, and our terrapin for both masculine and feminine. caught in Virginia, and our canvasback ducks shot in Chesapeake bay, and our eranberries grown near Kalamazoo, and our plum pudding and fruit cake, like the spices of the Egyptian mummies, gathered from everywhere, and with their indigestible qualities ready to change us into mummies if we only give them a big enough chance, while as a cupola upon this many floored or many coursed Thanksgiving meal we lay on the big, thick layer of richly flavored homemade ice cream from our own Jersey cow, without which our children consider no Thanksgiving din-

Thanksgiving dinner comes, or else Thanksgiving. Suffice to say the rall- for the wonderful inventions of the flights of their imagination could never of street lamps we have, which makes banquets. Thank God, Japan can fur-nish Massachusetts her rice as well as to serve us when we stretch out our Louisiana her sugar and China her tea. hands for them?

A Striking Picture. But as I go and study Byam Shaw's How wonderful it is not one of us can picture and watch that crowded room truly grasp. I was never more imof the British museum I see the men pressed with the rapid advancement of and women dressed in the most beau- material blessings and of inventions tiful of garments. Of course these gar- than when reading recently a synopsis ments are not in up to date fashions, of a lecture delivered by the late Bish-They are dressed as people dressed op Clark of Rhode Island in 1855. At thirty years ago. When we say thirty that time there were no bieycles, no years ago we instinctively know that automobiles, no typewriting machines, the styles are old fashioned, for when no telephones, no Atlantic cables, no we realize that every winter our moth- transcontinental railroad, no great ers and wives and daughters must steamship lines as we conceive them, have their clothes made over again no successful airships, no sleeping cars, completely or else they feel that they no large office buildings, with their elelook ridiculously out of style, then we know that the garments of a quarter chinery which puts upon our tables the of a century ago must be out of style best viands that the harvest fields and indeed. If our wives wore big sleeves cles Bishop Clark then made: "We have the orchards afford? And when I in their dresses last winter, then they speak of this machinery I am not only must wear very small sleeves now. If small bonnets were their headgear last spring, then this fall their hats must be shaped like a Mexican sombrero, for thus decrees Parisian style. And the average woman would sooner wear a convict's garb than be out of style. But, though Byam Shaw's characters were dressed in garments a quarter of a century old, yet, like our own clothes, they were all machine made garments. The linen came from the Belfast mills. The wools were woven not with a Priscilla's spinning wheel, but by the looms of the Manchester factory. The silks came from the silk mills, the kid gloves from the kid glove factories. The poke bonnets were made in the hat factories. The high silk hats, without which no British aristocrat feels that he is dressed as a gentleman, also came from the hat factory. And when we go through our own wardrobes we hear machinery

humming one perpetual sentence; "I made you. I made you. I made you. made the cloth of that coat. I mad he cloth of that dress. I made that underwear. I made those shoes and those hats and those gloves. I made you. I made you." And why has machinery made all our clothes? For two reasons-first, because machinery can make our clothes much cheaper than the human band can make them; reason the second, machinery can make those clothes much better and more suitable for comfort and ease. "Oh," says some cynic, "I do not see any benefit from machinery in regard

to clothes. True, the sewing machine is able to make six dresses for my wife where her grandmother had only one, but the difference between modern times and ancient times is no difference in the amount of work done. My wife keeps saying always, 'I must have six dresses,' so every time I come home from business she meets me with a request for a new hat or a new coat or a new dress or a new pair of evening slippers, and for my part I would like to go back to the old times when women and men did not think or talk nearly drives me insane." Would you, my brother, like to go back to the old ways and not have the comforts of the modern machine made garments? Well, let me see how it fits in your

Old Fashioned Clothes. You say you like the old handmade clothes, hard to make, but clothes which, after they were made, never wore out. How would you like your May this be the Thanksgiving prayer great-grandmother to knit for you a pair of stockings like those your greatin London markets as fresh as it is grandfather wore? You say these modern stockings are always getting holes in them. Yes, they are, but there was no danger of your grandfather's stockings having holes in them. Why? They were made as thick as a bed-Then the beauty of them was that, like a modern Mother Hubbard dress, they would continually stretch as the waters cover the sea. Then will and be made to fit any one, or, rather, they would never truly fit any one.

Then you grumble about your wives and daughters always talking about dress. "Oh," you say, "it is dress, dress, dress from morning until night and from night until morning whenever the women get together." But who is winter hat on than any other woman in

one do not want to go back to the old poetic times of the spinning wheel. I do not wish my wife to wear her wedding trousseau, composed of one or two dresses and a shawl, made so strong torty, fifty years, and then have her will them to her children and grand-children as family relics. For my part, I thank God for the comforts of modern deeps to the following the green rose, as we now have it it is a reversion to see the flowers generally put on a reddish tint when they begin to fade. In this view the green rose, as we now have it is a reversion to see the flowers generally put on a go Sir John Gayler was pursued by a lion in an African december. big factory can give me light garments combe in Cornhill Magazine.

Central America, and our almonds winter and brighten my Easter servgrown in Syria, and our oranges ship- ice not only with the flowers of the ped from California, and our olives field, but with new spring garments

Benefits of Improvements.

But, after discussing for a little while

the benefits which machinery has given to us in our eating and drinking and our sanitation and in our wearing apparel, shall we stop there? Shall we not at least hint at the wonderful benefits that have come to us from telephone and telegraph and the modern newspapers and the lights by which we read in the evening hours, and from the typewriter, which has so lifted the onerous burdens of professional and mercantile life, and the electric cars which for 5 cents make it possible for a business man to be in his of-But I must stop describing the many fice at half past 8 in the morning and different sources from which our yet take his evening meal in a suburyour hunger for material things will grass grown yard, as well as by wife crowd out your desire for a spiritual and children? Shall we not thank God septic property of silver has long been read track and the ocean greyhound as biologist's laboratory, for the microwell as the wonderful modern reaper scope, the Roentgen rays and all the ministered internally. Its use, how and mower of the farm are spreading wonderful means by which disease is for us a Thanksgiving banquet of being halted in its onward march and which the Romans and the Greeks and driven back and by which the crooked the Hebrews or even our own ancestors | limbs are made straight? Shall we not of a hundred years ago in the wildest thank God for the wonderful system conceive or dream. No wonder all the midnight in a large city almost as stance, in the dreaded puerperal fever menus or the bills of fare of all our bright as midday and which light is and other suppurative fevers. large city restaurants are printed in a the greatest of all crime preventers? foreign language. Foreign lands con- And, above all, shall we not thank God tribute a great part to all American for our library shelves filled with

We are living in a wonderful age. vators, and no electric cars. The title of this lecture was "The Next Fifty Years." These are some of the prophemade wonderful progress in traveling facilities during the last half century but do you think improvement is going to stop there? Nay. Posterity will not be content to travel at the slow rate of only thirty miles an hour, seated in these narrow cars, stiffed with bad air and dirt. It costs no great effort to imagine fifty years hence a splendid comotive, with hotel, spacious parlors, dining rooms and dormitories, moving gently as the bird flies over a road carpeted by turf and bordered by shade trees and sweet shrubs from Boston to San Francisco in four days. Have not the good bishop's prophecie almost literally come true? Shall we not soon leap the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in less than four days? Then Bishop Clark goes on and prophesies some of the wonderful in ventions that have come to pass in the electric world: "The electric battery which now in some of our cities strikes the midnight hour, may be made at evening to light all of our street lamps at one flash, secure perfect uniformity of time in our public clocks and kindle a beacon on these dreary rocks in the sea, where human beings now endure a melancholy and dangerous solitude." Bishop Clark from the celestial heights might see those electric lights shining today. Speak out, ye lonely islanders now in touch with mankind. Speak Then the good bishop goes on and de

scribes the wonderful invention of the modern typewriter, to me one of the greatest labor saving machines in the world. He continues: "There is another invention which I for one would hail with exceeding joy. It may seem absurd to predict that the time may come when it will not be customary to teach our children how to write. It would have been thought just as absurd fifty years ago to have foretold that the boys of this generation would ed to hades." grow up not knowing how to make a pen. But that time is going to come."

Thus in closing this sermon on this Thanksgiving Sabbath I would have us one and all, amid the great hum of factory and by the flash of electric spark, make this one prayer: "O God, make me thankful for the food I eat, for the clothing I wear and for the many, many blessings of inventions round about me. Fill me with the holy de sire not to build for myself a hanging garden of Babylon, but to be so blessed through the help of modern in vention that out of my abundance may give to thee and to thy children. of every heart. Then instead of material wealth being the cause of our spiritual overthrow it will be the means by which we ourselves may be lifted by lifting a hungry and a naked and a fallen race up toward God and heaven. Then, indeed, shall the desert blosson as the rose and the barren places of the earth through the power of invention be filled with the glory of the Lord our Thanksgiving day be a glorious Thanksgiving day for those we love and for those whom we shall bless. [Copyright, 1905, by Louis Klepsch.]

The Green Rose.

beautiful." But I like the rose and even admire it, and to botanists it is extremely valuable, because it is one of the best proofs we have that all the odor of new mown hay, would parts of a plant above the root are please me better." modifications of the same thing, and in the green rose every part may be called a leaf. It is a variety of the Italy that would not agree with you." common China rose, came to England about 1835 and is quite constant. It also gives a strong support to the view held by many great botanists that all flowers were originally green, and that the colors in flowers are analogous to

APPENDICITIS.

of Collangol to Take the Place of Surgery.

Consul General Guenther of Frank fort, Germany, reports to the depart ment of commerce and labor the successful treatment of appendicitis by means of "collangol," a silver solution He writes:

"Much has been written on the treatment of appendicitis, principally with reference to the question whether in a given case an operation must be performed to save the life of the patient, It would doubtless be a great boon if a remedy could be found to make an operation unnecessary. Such a remedy, it is alleged, has been found under the name of 'collangol.' Collangol is a form of pure silver soluble in water. Chemical manipulations for rendering silver, quicksilver and some other met ban home surrounded by flowers and als soluble in water were discovered within the last few years. The antiknown, as, for instance, in the form of lunar caustic, which has also been adever, has been very limited. Based upon this knowledge successful experiments have been made by some noted physicians through the use of the soluble, nonirritating and nonpoisonous silver in suppurative diseases, as, for in-

"Dr. Moosbrugger of Leutkirch has now used collangol in appendicitis, as well internally and externally. This treatment, according to his statement in the Munich Medical Weekly Review, has yielded extraordinarily good results. Within two or three days after treatment a decided improvement was noticeable in incipient cases. In cases where an infiammation of the peritoneum had already taken place a cure was, however, very slow-often only after weeks of treatment both internally and externally. Excepting two very severe cases out of the seventy-two which came under his observation and treatment all were cured without any surgical operation. He claims that this treatment is very much superior to any other and that he is justified in stating that every case of appendicitis, if early diagnosed, be it ever so acute and malignant, can be cured with collangol without resorting to the knife.

"In view of the otherwise favorable experiences with this remedy it is very probable that his opinion will prove correct, but, after all, it will yet require a great deal of very critical observation before it will be safe to dispense with a timely operation, which is capable of saving many lives. The published statements of Dr. Moosbrugger are not explicit enough as to the history of the cases to make a real criticism possible. At all events, his statements deserve careful attention. On the other hand, it cannot yet be stated how long the cure will last. Light cases of appendicitis can be healed for a time, as is well known. The question, however, is for how long. Further experiments will be awaited with great interest, says the Didas-

Civilized Marder.

After years of residence among the head hunters of Borneo an Englishwoman writes of them as follows: "I don't want to stand up for head huntng: it isn't nice. The civilized nations call it murder, and it is murder. But are we to throw stones? Aren't the means we take to satisfy our unquench able thirst for gain murder-tailoring, shirtmaking, straw plaiting, lace and box and nail making and how many more? Do any of them bear looking into if we want to feel that, as a country, we do not murder? Isn't the whole destruction of body, soul and spirit which drink and gambling and immorality are carrying on hourly at our very doors, and inside many of them, filling our hospitals and lunatic asy lums and graves? Isn't that murder? And in our murder are any good qualities necessary? None! But fighting brings out the noblest parts of a sav age, and in his home life love and content reign. But civilized murder means misery and discontent and homes turn-

Teaching Children to Cook.

Teaching little girls how to buy and to prepare simple, wholesome foods is a feature of several schools in New York's great east side. In the thickly settled districts of Little Italy or the Ghetto it is almost invariably the case that both parents work during the day. This leaves the oldest girl of the lit-

tle family not only to care for the

baby, but also to prepare the evening Imagine a little girl of from eight to twelve years trying to stretch the pen-nies for dinner in the wisest way.

The main object of the schools is to teach the young students what to buy, how to convert it into plain, who some food, never to waste anything left over and, above all, how to have some thing warm and palatable for the tired father and mother when they come home at night. If there are no girls in the family the schools teach the boys, and many little chefs in the tenements today were turned out by the cooking classes.-Leslie's Weekly.

The Bishop's Retort. Bishop Joseph Wilmer of Louisians and Bishop Richard Wilmer of Alabama are cousins and intimate friends. In their travels in Italy one summer I am bound to say that this rose the bishop of Alabama was pointing meets with very little admiration. The out with enthuslasm certain architecgeneral verdict is, "More curious than tural beauties. The bishop of Louisiana was bored. He said:

"It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but nevertheless a rich field, fragrant with

And the bishop of Alabama replied, Cousin Joe, there's not an ass in all

London's "Lion" Sermon. Canon Newbolt preached the annual

I thank God for the comforts of modern dress. I thank God that for a mere song the sewing machine and the of an undeveloped rose.—Canon Ellatice of thanks.

"Hon" sermon before the lord mayor